THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

)L. I.] *Boston, Saturday, January* 2, 1808. [No. 11.

ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 2.

ditur interea domus armipotenti[s]
Olympi:
ciliumque vocat divum pater atque
hominum rex
leream in sedem———

Virg. Æneid.

HAVING in my last speculan, presumed upon a bold and common familiarity with my f, and drawn out before the pubt, some of the most amiable and nificant circumstances of my : and having had the unspeake pleasure, of hearing the numof my errors, and joyning with criticks, in an honourable cene of every unexceptionable peri- in my paper; I am now to exit the effigies of those Gentlen incognito, who have the honof my friendship, and are all paring to rise upon the publick, gradual and orderly succes-

I esteem myself the most itable for the undertaking, upon the account of the vast ty of oddities in each charac- nd the difficulty of drawing a nblance, without leaving the re under some considerable dvantage. I endeavoured to efore the society, the danger eir appearing with strange and rted countenances, if they would venture their faces under my pencil: I show'd them several pictures, which I had intirely confounded, for want of the art of flattering the original; and told them all, that they were conscious of their own infirmities, and my unlucky talent of imitating.

With numberless interrogatories of great importance, I endeavoured to discourage them. Upon which, it was again put to vote, and it proved a confirmation of the former choice. I was now satisfied they had some design upon themselves, or else were strangely ignorant of their own irregularities. But this being none of my business, I was now resolved upon the drudgery. The Members were immediately ordered to put on their best countenances, and to form themselves into a semi-circle, fronting towards the limner, who was seated at some convenient distance. ——— And,

The person that was opposite to me, and seem'd to demand the earliest notice, was the Honourable *Charles Gravely* Esq; a Gentleman of a most remarkable figure and majesty, and for that reason has the honour of the chair, and is every way qualified to adorn it. He has been for many years a Merchant of considerable eminence in the province of the *Massachusetts*, and has traded for many thousand of pounds in *wit* and *eloquence*, and all sorts of the richest *styles* and *figures*,

that are of such use in the Common-wealth of letters: and could never be perswaded to venture his Merchandise abroad, upon any other bottom than that of *good sense*; for which reason, he has in all his adventures, succeeded to admiration. He is of all our society, the best acquainted with the various humours and passions of Mankind, and can only by the sight of the face, very often discover the secret motions and propensity of the heart; so that it is sometimes very dangerous being in his company. I was once resolved, if it were possible, to deceive him, and had by a great deal of subtilty, spread an artificial melancholy over my whole countenance, while my breast was labouring with some comical idea (which himself was the occasion of,) and ready to burst into laughter. The Squire gave me but one half glance, from his left eye, and discovered the dissimulation, to my surprize and confusion. He seldom speaks but at the decision of some warm and tedious debate, at which time, he has it in his power to command the affections of his little auditory at his pleasure. There is something so peculiar, and astonishing in his countenance, that a Lady, as it is reported, was so unfortunate as to fall into sudden labour at the sight of him, as he happen'd accidentally to stalk by her window. If at any time the Society have started some merry and ridiculous subject, and happen upon his appearance to be all upon the grin; his presence will in an instant strike out every wrinkle, and awe them into the strictest gravity and composure. And when we are disposed to be dull and heavy, as is too common, he can by the magick of a certain figure, throw us all into a kind of convulsion, and keep us upon the titter and shake, for the half hour together. In short, there is no resisting his aspect nor eloquence.

At the right hand of Squire *Gravely*, sits Mr. *Timothy Blunt*, who lives at some distance from the town of *Boston*, but is, notwithstanding, very constant in his attendance at our meetings. He is a person of great plainness of aspect, speech, and behaviour, and has such an aversion to bombastick-writing, that he will not allow of any thing that is gay or fantastical in his house or apparel. His horse for its poverty and the length of its tail, is admirably calculated for the Suranam-market, upon which he rides to town once every week, and very often brings his wallet ballanced with two bottles of milk, to defray his necessary expences. His periwig has been out of the curl, ever since the revolution, and his dagger and doublet are supposed to be the rarest pieces of antiquity in the country. As for his intellectuals, they are by reason of age, and an unlucky stroke which he received in a certain place in his infancy, very much out of repair at this time: however, he has soul enough left him to master the whole mathematics; and if it had not been for this accident, he would doubtless have stood the fairest of any of his contempory's to have found out the *Philosopher's-stone*.

Next follows my dear friend and old companion, the famous Mr. *Christopher Careless*, an inhabitant of *Boston*, and one who has by a close and vigorous application to business, sunk a very plentiful patrimony, and reduced his fortune to a level with his ambition. He has, of all men living, the most passionate thirst after agreeable society,

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and conversation: and yet has the wonderful faculty of retiring when he is in the best of company: for let the society be ever so closely engaged in pursuits of the greatest importance, his soul can in spite of all the temptations which are before him, sink down into his body, as a candle into the socket, and he hears no more of the discourse than if he was absent: and yet he is always ready with an answer to every question which he did not hear. This person is, notwithstanding, of singular advantage to our society: he dives into himself for all those treasures of knowledge with which he is so wonderfully furnished, and he can, when he is much provoked, fetch out of his own mine, such excellent maxims and observations, as are not to be found in any other soil. He seems to be the favourite and darling of nature, and receives at the first hand, all those intellectual blessings which others are forced to endeavour after by a long and painful disquisition. To conclude, he is a man of great goodness of temper when he is well pleased, and let him be kept from strong liquors, and there is not a more sober, temperate person in the whole neighbourhood.

One of this association happens to be Mr. *Will. Bitterly*, a man that trades with the stars, and has been all his life a fortune-teller. He is descended in a direct line, (tho' I have forgot the number of generations) from old *Diogenes*, the father of the *Cynicks*, and is pretty much like him in temper and complexion. This person has taken up a resolution against matrimony, by reason of several threat'ning lines and crosses in the palms of his hands, which he supposes portend domestick jangles and disasters. I have been credibly informed, that he has foretold many extraordinary events as soon as they have come to pass. And once I remember, his warning a company of very hopeful striplings, against the danger of being fudled, when there appeared to me no other symptoms of the catastrophe, than a large bowl, very briskly sailing round the table; what it contained I do not pretend to determine, but that very night, according to the prediction, they were all unhappily cast away, and some of them very much damaged. There are now entered down in the minutes of our society, several of his prognostications of which we expect a punctual and speedy accomplishment: and he has very lately ventured to prophesy something that relates to this paper, viz. That some of the finest, most elegant and sublime pieces that may shine out in the course of these lucubrations, will certainly meet with very cold and indifferent reception, and that all the low and groveling performances (if there should be any) will consequently meet with universal applause. I shall therefore calculate some of my speculations to the taste of the populace, and would not by any means have the publick suppose that it is for want of ability, that I am now and then very dull, tho' that possibly may be the very reason.

And now comes the wonderful Mr. *Honeysuckle*, the blossom of our society, and the beautiful ornament of literature; a person of a most extravagant imagination, and one who lives perpetually upon tropes and similes. In his common conversation, he stalks in metaphor and hyperbole, and his very gesture is allegorical. He has a lofty and poetical countenance, which perfectly rhimes with his genius:

and his fancy is like a wide and magnificent room that is hung with a confused variety of landskips, of his own making, and his judgment can hardly give its approbation to any thing, that does not border upon the sublime. He has a tall and towering spirit, that scorns to be chain'd to the laws of mortality, and will very often start away in a visionary excursion to the distant parts of the universe. He has contracted an intimate acquaintance with all the planetary worlds, and can give a very romantic account of the different species of its numberless inhabitants, customs, and constitutions. By the assistance of his natural and acquired endowments, he is such a master at versification that one of his acquaintance has offered a considerable wager upon his faculty, against the great LAW, and even Dr. H——R himself. And tho' I dare not rise to such a height in my opinion of his capacity, yet I cannot but think he deserves the next place to these wonderful authors. He has attained to considerible perfection in the art of painting, and has given some incontestable proofs of his improvement: having obliged our club-room, with the draught of a beau, a clown and a coquet; and in pursuance of a late vote of our society, is now taking the physiognomy of what we call a critick.

I might add the characters of two divines, who sometimes do us the honour to sit with us half an hour, and improve us with their excellent conversation; but these gentlemen are above the reach of my pen to do them justice. Their lives are regular and exemplary; their learning solid and profound; and in the pulpit, they command the attention of their audience with the gracefulness of their air, the musick of their voice, and the noble majesty of their eloquence. These gentlemen will have no inconsiderable hand in these weekly entertainments. M.

THE DRAMA.

No. 9.

For the Emerald

THE AFRICAN.

Monday evening, December 28.

A perfect willingness to encourage native genius, and a disapprobation of the regular importation of plays from England, for the supply of the American stage, as merchants import their broad-cloth, because it cannot be manufactured at home, induced us to attend the representation of the *African*, with a predisposition to veil the defects, and applaud the beauties of the composition. We were the more eagerly inclined to favour the play, as we had understood the author was a lady, and that the materials on which it was founded, were collected from *facts*—But its want of success disappointed our hopes, mortified the author, and injured the American drama.

We will endeavour to mention some particulars of this drama, as far as could be collected from the representation. Charlotte, a supposed orphan, born in the island of Jamaica, was brought into the family of *Mr. Delville* when very young, by a negro slave Zulima. Here she became attached to a youth, *Henry Warrington*; but her protector, it seems, loved her himself, and of course objected to Warringtons' connection with Charlotte. Zulima the negro slave is confined in prison, from which however, she is discharged by the slave-driver, in time to interest her to prevent a match between Mr. Delville and Charlotte.

After some doubting, *Charlotte* consents to marry *Warrington*. Then arrives at the spot where the plot is laid, Mrs. *Warrington* and her daughter *Sophia*, in order to hinder the connection. The father of Warrington had devised in his will the division of his property between his two children with a proviso, that in case either should marry beneath their birth, his effects should devolve upon the other. But as they arrived too late to preven the union, they thought it might be a

well to *see* the girl. They go to *Delville-place*; for the business is made up there, and Mr. Delville some how or other has become the friend of young Warrington. To this interview with Charlotte and Mrs. Warrington, *Zulima* is witness, and she discovers Charlotte to be the daughter of Mrs. Warrington, and consequently to have married her brother. This idea connects that of unfaithfulness to her husband in Mrs. Warrington; but after a great deal of time spent in explanation, it appears that Henry and Sophia Warrington were children of Mr. Warrington by a previous marriage, and that Mrs. Warrington was a widow before the second union of Mr. Warrington. Charlotte, the issue of his first connection, was supposed to be dead, but now happily recovered. A friend of Warrington's, Mr. Harcourt, is in love with Sophia, and they are united. The whole business is thus settled, and the parties are supposed to be happy.

This is a confused and imperfect outline of the most prominent features of the plot; confused, because the performance was indistinct, irregular, and imperfect Our objections to this play are neither few nor trifling; our praises either for elegance, wit, pathos or sublimity cannot be very liberally awarded. In respect to *plot*, there is no interest excited until the fourth act. This seems to result from the conduct of the story. It is narrated and not represented. This is a predominent defect.

Besides, the incidents and situation are sometimes horrid and sometimes ridiculous. The supposition of the marriage of a brother and sister, which, after all, is but badly explained, and the suggestion from the son to the mother, of her infidelity to his father, raises an assemblage of images in the mind, too disgusting to be patiently endured. The four children are introduced for no obvious purpose; they retard the progress of the fable, and divide without increasing the interest. Mrs. Warrington should have began the play, and then an involution of circumstances might have taken place, productive of considerable interest.

The marriage festival scene also protracts the fable. There was a most ludicrous instance of the pathos, in the scene which discovers General Delville. Scene a storm; " winds roaring, thunders rolling, rain pouring, lightnings flashing, and General Delville *smoaking a segar!*"

An equally laughable circumstance occurred in the fourth act. All the characters were crowded upon the scene, and had uttered every sentence that could possibly forward the business of the story; here then we were at a stand. How the author would get them off from this situation, we could not imagine. But they each very readily thought of some engagement or other, and as if by a universal momentary impulse, left the stage in all directions. Indeed the scenes were none of them properly concatenated, they were sometimes crowded with characters, and sometimes entirely deserted, the thread of interest, after having been repeatedly broken, was at length jumbled into an entanglement, which would require the patience of Penelope to unloose.

The *dialogue* was exceedingly commonplace, and highly undramatic; possessing no requisite to enliven or interest the auditor. After the marriage of Charlotte and Henry Warrington, he hears of *his mothers'* arrival, and as he now found it necessary to inform Charlotte of the circumstance, he makes up a long face, telling her he had deceived her egregiously before marriage. She prepared herself for some wonderful developement. "I have," said Henry—" What?" added Charlotte, " Oh! my love, I have a mother!" A mother!" exclaimed Charlotte, in violent agitation, " why did you not tell me so before?" !!

The *characters* were general and ill-defined. General Delville is both a coward and a man of enterprise. He is introduced, without reason, and remains on the stage nearly one whole act, without uttering a syllable.

The Quakers are almost unnecessary characters, because the events in which they are concerned, are nugatory. And Sophia is brought forward for no reason but to be married to Harcourt; neither of them having any necessary connection with the plot.

On the whole, though the play deserved the reception it met with, it was unfairly treated by the Theatre. The acting was such, as could not fail to have injured the best production. The *narrative* part of the plot, (if we except that by Mrs. Shaw,) was uttered so indistinctly, that we could not understand it; and we do not think the author was well treated in having her play produced on a night, which, whatever might be the chance for success, would have precluded a susequent repre-

sentation. As it was, however, there was neither good composition in the play, nor correct performance by the players.

BIOGRAPHY.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

Every lover of humour, will recollect the epigrams which passed between Doct. Hill and Mr. Garrick, in which reciprocation of severity Garrick had the advantage. "*Thou essence of dock, valerian and sage,*" begins one epigram; and "*For physic and farces,*" the other. The annexed account of him will probably interest the reader of curious biography.

JOHN HILL.

John Hill, an unsuccessful actor, an apothecary in Saint Martin's lane, and lastly a physician, of that class who prepare and *recommend* their own medicines.

As a botanical and periodic writer, he attained, and might have enjoyed undisturbed, emolument and fame, but by vanity and presumption and irritated by real or supposed injuries, he became A LITERARY DRAWCANSIR, attacking indiscriminately and without respect of persons, all his contemporaries, many of them superior to him in capacity and attainment.

Conceited and satirical men have been frequently compared to a prize-fighter, ascending a stage, with some part of his body or limbs notoriously and conspicuously injured or weakened, to which every antagonist will not fail directing his blows.

Yet Dr. Hill, *with many tender places about him*, was the AT-ALL of his day; players, poets and philosophers, physicians, antiquaries, critics, commentators, freethinkers and divines, were alternately the objects of his satire, ridicule, misrepresentation or invective.

Such indeed was the versatility of his genius, that the name of PROTEUS, and afterwards BARDANA HILL were bestowed on him; there being scarcely a department of literature in which he had not tried his strength; from a guinea quarto on God and Nature, written professedly against the scepticism of Bolingbroke; a ponderous Naval History, and his stupendous Vegetable System in twenty six volumes folio, *down* to a pamphlet on Betty Canning; *a wipe* at the royal society, who had shut their doors against him, or *an eighteen penny touch*, at Valerian snuff taking, or Balsam of Honey; he had also exercised his pen on the virtues of Sage, and the efficacy of Polypody of the Oak.

Such intervals as were not occupied by *authorship*, he employed in his medical practice; in places of public amusement all of which he regularly visited, and in his self-chosen office of inspector, a title under which he conducted for several years a weekly publication.

The poet Smart, confessedly a man of genius, which so often leads, and in his case actually did lead to mental derangement; Churchill, a satirist, possessing a strong mind, but debased by party malice, and by sensuality; Garrick, the first of actors, and the pleasantest of men; and Wood-

ward a good natured lively inoffensive player, were at different times attacked by Hill.

But whether his weapon was deficient in keenness, his hand in strength, or, that truth and justice were wanting, the blows aimed at his adversaries, frequently recoiled on himself.

Such a method of getting on, naturally produced enmity and opposition; in answer to the general resentment of his opponents, the reply which Dr. Hill has been actually and frequently heard to make is strongly expressive of his assurance, affectation and self opinion: "The dull rogues are envious of the flattering reception which *merit like mine*, insures from a generous and discerning public; the illnatured fools cannot bear to see me enjoy with taste and satisfaction, a splendid equipage, a retinue of servants, a town and country house, a well-earned literary reputation; the acquaintance, approbation and patronage of the first characters in church and state; my enemies cannot endure that I should monopolize wholly to myself the smiles and good-will of all that is beautiful, witty, and elegant in the beau monde."

Such intolerable self-sufficiency naturally produced indignation and contempt in the rational and sober part of mankind, but the majority, not being exactly of that description, Hill knew and felt that it was his only method of succeeding with the million.

They heard the name of Sir John Hill, for he was latterly so distinguished by the King of Sweden, as a compliment to his skill in botany, or in return for present of his Vegetable System splendidly bound; they often heard his name, and saw perpetually in print the wonderful effects of his Essence of Waterdock, his Balsam of Honey snd other medicines, properly blazoned.

He lived in Saint James's street, his villa and garden at Bayswater were calculated to impress a favourable opinion of the nature of those studies which occupied his hours of retirement; he was patronized by the Earl of Bute, as a botanist, but not as a political writer.

As editor and conductor of the Inspector, he displayed himself in his own opinion to most advantage; yet these papers are neither remarkable for originality of thought, nor conspicuous for critical acuteness; with his usual flourish of self-importance, and in a peculiar strain of pert vivacity, he freely communicates his sentiments on common-place topics, and on any temporary subject which occupied general attention.

His guinea quarto, he used to boast *had demolished poor Lord Bolingbroke*.

In the imposture of Betty Canning, which is related at large in another part of this collection, under the article Squires, Dr. Hill, with considerable acuteness and good sense, opposed the current of popular opinion, and was applauded by the discerning few who had escaped that strange infatuation: one of his opponents in this controversy, was Henry

Fielding, whose honest heart and unsuspecting nature made him the dupe of female artifice.

Having occasion in his Inspector, to mention a riotous disturbance which had taken place at the theatre, in which he experienced personal violence, and in which Woodward the comedian was a party, in a petulant and ill-natured way he added, that a player was the meanest of all characters.

The knight forgot, or did not wish others to remember, that he had himself been a candidate for theatrical fame, in the various parts of Harlequin, Oronooko, Blandford, Constant, Lothario, and the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet; "in all which," said Woodward, in reply to the illiberal censures of Hill, "in all of which you grossly failed, *except the last*; although your associate in some of the characters, the lovely Peggy Woffington, might have called forth the powers of any man, who really possessed them."

Woodward stimulated and assisted by the mumerous enemies of Hill, afterwards attacked him in a spirited pamphlet which recalled many unpropitious passages of the Inspector's life to public notice.

THE MEDLEY.

Perhaps no poet of equal pretensions is so little read as Richard Savage; many remember his misfortunes, but few mention his verses. Why it has so fallen out it is difficult to say. Pope commended his muse, and Johnson pronounced him a genius; and one would suppose, that the suffrages of such men were a sure indication of his durable renown. But if the Bastard be excepted, there is little now by which he is recalled, beside the Epigram on Dennis, and the Biography of his Friend. Among the wits of his day, he was as brilliant and ragged as Apollo could wish; and though his life was irregular, his muse was correct. Poor Savage! in the melancholy records of that description of gentlemen denominated bards, thy history is mournfully preeminent, and though thy song may be neglected, thy errours will be remembered for a humiliation to genius. *(P. Folio.)*

Galileo, was the first improver of Telescopes who applied them to astronomic purposes. This important addition to human knowledge, which seems to overleap the hitherto insurmountable barrier of immense space, was originally produced by the children of one Hansen, a spectacle maker, at Middleburgh, in Holland, who playing in their father's shop, accidently placed a convex and a concave glass in such a manner, that in looking through them at the church weathercock, they observed it to appear much nearer, and considerably larger than usual; their loud expressions of surprize, excited the curiosity of their father, who after examining, and ascertaining the fact, soon conveyed it to the learned.

A buck of the town being taken before a justice that was rath-

er crooked, after the other witnesses were examined, "What have you to say?" said the justice. "Nothing at all," replied the spark, "for I see *you* are *all on one side.*"

FROM LE BRUN TO FORLENZE, THE OCULIST.

From blindness reliev'd by your skill so profound,
I can see, my dear doctor, what passes around;
And already perceive (what I needs must deplore)
Of *friends many less*, and of *fools many more.*

"*An attorney* (says an ingenious writer) is the same thing to *a barrister*, that *an apothecary* is to *a physician*, with this difference, that your *lawyer* does not deal in *scruples.*"

BON MOT OF DEMOSTHENES.

When the Athenian ambassadors returned from Macedonia, they expatiated much on the beauty of Alexander's person, and his power of drinking a large quantity of wine at one time. The Grecian Orator heard these reports with indignation; observing, that the first topic of praise became a woman, and that the second contained the quality of a sponge.

AURELIUS PROBUS.

This Emperor used to divide all the spoils taken in war among his soldiers, reserving the arms to himself. In one battle a horse was taken, of whom it was reported that he could go a journey of an hundred miles five days successively. The Emperor refused to have it, observing, such a horse was a prize more estimable in the eyes of a deserter, than of a man who always was resolved to remain at his post. This anecdote brings to my mind the reply of a Spartan soldier who was lame; and being jokingly asked how he would act if the army was routed, "I come here," replied the soldier, "to stand my ground, and not to fly."

THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

To all the wise man gives his ear,
His answers short, precise, and clear;
His questions fit so well the case,
They rise with unaffected grace:
So prudent is his whole discourse,
And so replete with native force.
Prais'd for his silence, and his speech,
He marks the nicest bounds of each:
Silent, whene'er a greater sage
Attempts the audience to engage.
Industrious in his own affairs,
To others leaves their proper cares.
With too much wit to rack his brains
With voluntary griefs and pains,
He with dexterity embraces
Each change of persons, times, and places.
Steady he meets th' approaching foe,
Yet heedless of uncertain woe:
The ills from which he cannot fly
He bears without one dastard sigh:
His greatest happiness repose,
Which from a tranquil bosom flows.
Should fortune frown, she can't prevent
The humble blessings of content:
To what he has his view's confin'd;
All else to him is chaff and wind.

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Alexander Stevens what he had seen? "Only a *cobler's end*," replied he.

NOTICE.

To the author of *Conversazione*, we are again called on to apologize. The length of the essay by *Proteus Echo*, and the similarity of subject in both, have prevented the admission of the third number in the present Emerald. We propose next week to enliven our pages with the vivacity of his wit, and keenness of his sarcasm.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

EPIGRAMATIC ON THE STATE OF THE TIMES.

An olive branch of old was sent,
The token mild of peace,
And emblematic of consent
That all dispute should cease.

Our council with unreas'ning hand
The *insect furies* grasp,
And send to Britain's haughty land
A "*Hornet*" and a "*Wasp.*"

Unstung, the Lion greatly smiles,
And urges gen'rous truce;
But France our Statesmen's heads beguiles,
And *Statesmen* peace refuse.

Meanwhile unhappy conflicts raise
Internal discontent,
And, *wisely* chosen to *appease*,
The fierce "*Revenge*" is sent.

But mark, how Britain's great designs
These little arts oppose!
Unfearing still she still inclines
To peace, and sends a "Rose."

O, may that peace by Heav'n be doom'd
These rising States t' adorn,
Like that first paradise, where bloom'd
The *Rose*, without a thorn! X.

The cock doth crow to let us know,
Not when 'tis time to rise;
But when at will of proud *Turreau*
'Tis time to shut our eyes.

Loose, Loose the war cries *folly's lust*,
Says *mercy*, who shall *stay* it?
The hoofs of *beasts* may *raise* a dust,
The hand of Heav'n must *lay* it.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MASTER J. BUSSEY.

Sweet youth, no more th' immortal soul
Informs thy lifeless clay,
But spurning this vile earth's controul
Bursts on eternal day.

How short alas, how fleet the time
Which God to thee has given!
Too good to bless earth's woe fraught clime,
He call'd thee home to Heaven.

LAILA.

FROM THE PASTIME.

ODE.

Lady, does it grieve thee, tell me.
That thou once wert kind?—I'll swear
Those smiles were meant but to repel me,
And *scorn*, not *love*, was seated there.

I'll say, those lips have never blest me;
Never breath'd one mutual sigh;
And, when that touch at parting prest me,
Swear 'twas meant to bid me fly.

Yes! if thy gentle heart will let thee,
Oh forget thou e'er wert kind!
I will strive, too, to forget thee,
And in madness, *seem* resign'd.

And, oh! relenting at my anguish,
Should'st thou chide the fruitless sigh,
Should'st thou bid me cease to languish,
Lady, I'll obey—and die!

Then farewell the harp for ever!
Once thou taught'st its string to glow;
Soon the quiv'ring string must sever,
Touch'd by the icy hand of woe!

Yet, never shall these lips upbraid thee
With one sad, one murm'ring breath,
Till heaven, more kind than thou art, Lady,
Shall bid them sigh the sigh of death!

LODINUS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

QUOTH Tom Tar to *Jack* Tar, how are you my boy?
How am I? damnation! I'm *out* of *employ*:
And our captain I guess in his *reckoning* is *out*,
He keeps crying, "Up helm," for "Put ship about."

Here's a rock on our lee,—he away bears and veers,
Till at last *on* the rock our good vessel he steers;
Squally times, Tom! farewell! but when I next go to sea,
My captain shall know when to cry "helm a lee."

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE

DOMESTIC.

Eben. Eaton, Danville, (Vt.) is publishing *A Historical Memoir on the War between the United States of America and Tripoli;* Collected from Journals of Richard O'Brien and William Eaton, in three volumes octavo.

Collins and Perkins, New York, have in press *An Epitome of Chemistry*, in three parts, by B. Silliman, professor of Chemistry at Yale College, New Haven.

Thomas G. Fessenden, Philadelphia, is about publishing a work to be entitled, *Register of Arts, or a Compendious View of the most useful Modern Discoveries and Inventions.*

MONTHLY LIST OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

DECEMBER.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Samuel Gray, to Miss Joanna Powers; Mr. Solomon Robbins, to Miss Mary Rand; Mr. John H. Stevens, to Miss Dorcas Adams; Mr. Wm. Warland Clap, of Buckstown, editor of the Gazette of Maine, to Miss Hannah Williams Lane; Mr Abraham Channel of Ipswich, to Mrs. Mary Smith, of Boston; Samuel D. Parker, Esq. to Miss Eliza Mason, daughter of the Hon. Jonathan Mason; Mr. Jonathan Harrington, to Miss Lucretia Osgood; Mr. Ebenezer Danforth, mer. to Miss Rebecca Raymond, of Lexington; Mr. Ebenezer Pratt, to Miss Elizabeth Beal; Mr. Josiah Siders, to Miss Elizabeth Blake; Mr. Edward Anderson, to Miss Abigail Hall.

In Salem, Mr. Andrew Wilson, to Miss Mary Beckford; Mr. Wm. Brace, to Miss Sarah Kane; Jesse Bolles, Esq. of Thompson, (Con.) to Miss Joanna Fisher; Mr. George Turner, to Mrs. Mary Smith.

In Waltham, Mr. Samuel Townsend, to Miss Abigail Wellington; Mr Levi Willard, of Boston, to Miss Sally Wellington; Mr. Wm. Parker, of Cambridge, to Miss Martha Wellington: The three brides are sisters; and daughters of Mr. Samuel Wellington, of Waltham; and were married in immediate succession.

In Haverhill, Mr. Chester Stebbins, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Harrod; In Randolph, Capt. Jacob Canterbury, of. Boston, to Miss Charlotte Thayer, of Belchertown; in Woburn, Rev Jacob Coggin, of Tewksbury, to Miss Mary Symonds; in Newport, Maj. Wm. Moore, jr. to Miss Harriet Gibbs; in Hanover, Mr John Bryant, mer. of Boston, to Miss Mary Cleveland Smith; in Amherst, Mr. David Chase, mer. of Boston, to Miss Abigail Eaton. In Watertown, Mr. David Baker, to Miss Eliza Bright; in Milton, Mr. Peleg Heath, of Roxbury, to Miss Peggy Davenport; in Dorchester, Mr. Stephen Clap, to Miss Hannah W. Humphreys.

In Belfast, (Me.) John Wilson, Esq. attorney at law, to Miss Hannah Leach; in Poland, (Me.) Mr. Ebenezer Marble, to Miss Sally Cash. In Brighton, Dr. James P. Chaplin, of Cambridge, to Miss Hannah Gardner; in Charlestown, Moses Eastman, Esq. of Salisbury, (N. H.) to Miss Eliza Sweetser.

In New York, Hon. Ambrose Spencer, to Mrs Mary Norton.

In North Yarmouth, R. I. Master Joseph Morse, aged 16, to Miss Abigail Sweetser, aged 48.

At Industry, R. I. Mr. Ebenezer Whiten, aged 25, to Miss Mary Green, aged 58.

DIED,

In this town, Mrs. Susanna Hichborn, aged 65: Master Frederick, youngest son of Mr. Samuel Todd, 14; Mr. William Carlton, 47; Mrs. Abigail Averill, 44; Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Mr. David Pulsifer, 61; Miss Harriot, the youngest daughter of Charles Cushing, Esq. 23; Barbara, only daughter of Mr. Eli Wooster, 6 mo.; Miss Harriot Glover, 9 mo.; Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Eben. Pratt, 31, and eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Fracker; Mr. Prince Hall, 72, Master of African Lodge; Mrs. Polly, wife of Mr. Bela Cushing, 29; Mr David G. Lewis, 22; Mr Thomas Luckis, 86; Joseph, only child of Mr. Joseph Badger, 2y.; Mrs. Abigail Durell, 44; Widow Sarah Furber, 80; Miss Alice Parker, 28; Master John Smith, son of Mr. Jacob S. 10y.; Sarah, daughter of Mr. John H. Wheeler, 10d.; Miss Alice Baker, 23; Master John, son of Mr. Josiah Smith, 10y.; Miss Margaret Dowse,

82; Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Samuel Rogers, 38; Miss Elizabeth Rickard, in the 53d year of her age; Mrs. Fanny, wife of Mr. John Stapley, 33; Mr Battry Powers, 72; Mrs. Mary Thomas, 70; Mrs. Mary Bourne, 75, relict of the late Melatiah Bourne, Esq.; Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Mr. Daniel Johnson, 36; Mr. Othniel B. Trench, 56; George, youngest son of Mr. David Homer, 11 mo.; Mr John Osgood, 56; Margaret, daughter of Mr. Adam Smith, 2y. 7. mo.

In Calcutta, Capt. Wm. Cheever, of Danvers, master of ship Mt. Vernon; At sea, on his passage from Calcutta, to Salem, Mr. Simon Forester, jun. 23; at sea, Mr. Thomas Barrett, of Boston, 29, mate of ship Mary; in New York, Mr. Fisher Richardson, formerly of Watertown, (Ms.) 37; in Windsor, (Con.) Hon. Oliver Ellsworth, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S. and eminent for his patriotic services in the councils of our country, before, during and since the revolution; in Providence, Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. Nath'l Gladding, 23; in Bradford, Mr. Josiah Bacon, 87, formerly of Boston; in Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Booth, 63.

In York (Penn.) Rev. Mr. Jacob Goering, 58, late President of the Synod of the German Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia; in Providence Mrs. Sarah Olney, 39; in Salem, Mr. Peter Clough; in Newburyport, Dr. Bishop Norton; in Charleston, Mr. Abraham Jones, 100, a native of Germany; Benj. Franklin Timothy, Esq formerly proprietor of the S. C. State Gazette; in Pittsburg, Alexander Addison, Esq. President of the Court of Common Pleas; in Salem, Mrs. Antis Richardson, 33; and Capt. William Richardson; Mr. Ebed Stodder, jun.; on his passage from Havnana to New-York, Mr. Samuel Kimball of Boston, 33; at sea, Mr. William Gair, mer. of Boston, son of the late Rev. Thomas Gair; in Upper Canada, Capt. Joseph Brandy, 66, Chief of the Six Nations of Indians; in Camdon (N. C.) Mr. John Winsley Homer, mer. 42, formerly of Boston; in Salem, Mrs. Mary, relict of Hon. Andrew Oliver, 75; Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. John Learock, jun. 22; Mrs. Shebane, wife of Mr. Benj. S; Capt. Eben. Shillaber, 43; in Westport, (Ms.) Jenny Slocum, (a black) 106; in Dedham, M John Harris, of Boston, 69.

In Paris, M. Valmont de Romare, who Dictionary of Natural History is muc consulted by naturalists; major-gener Thierry, 72, fifty-five of which he ha been in service; M. Dereau de la Mell the best translator of Tacitus, Sallust an Titus-Livius.

In Calcutta, Mr. Henry Ross, 2d ma of ship Java, of Salem. In France, recen ly, M. Target, and M. Leblanc: Judg of the French High Court of Cassation; i Paris, M. Foulon, an attorney, who d ceased while pleading before one of th Courts of Justice.

In England, the Right Rev. Dr. Wm Markham, Archbishop of York, Primat of England. In Denmark, Gen. Cour Pyeman, late Commander of Copenhage In Bucharest, Lieut. Gen. Michelson, lat commander in chief of the Russian arm in Turkey On his passage from Rotte dam to Lisbon, 23d Oct. last, Mr. Georg Lane, of this town, 21.

In Claverack, N. Y. Gen. Samuel J Webb, 52: He was a volunteer at th battle of Bunker-hill, in 1775; was soo after appointed aid de camp to Gen. Put nam; in 1776 he was appointed aid d camp and private secretary to Gen. Wash ington; was promoted to the comman of a regiment in 1777; and from 1782 t the close of the revolutionary war, h commanded the light infantry of the A merican army with the rank of Brigadie General. In Salem, Mr. Benj. Brown, 4 In Newtown, Mrs. Mary Fuller, 64; i Waltham, Miss Hannah Manning, 36, Charlestown; in Cambridge, Mr. Benj min Prentiss, 64; in Medford, Mrs. Ab gail Putnam, 54; in Milton, Mrs. Mar Crane, 79; Mr. Nathaniel Gulliver, 7

In New Bedford, Mrs. Mary Greenlea 80, widow of the late Wm Greenleaf, Es formerly sheriff of the county of Suffol In Charlestown, Mrs. Sally Minzee, 3 in Roxbury, widow Rebecca Wait, 70; Scituate, Mr. Elisha Sylvester, 90; Marblehead, Deacon Wm. Harris, 74; Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah Blanchard, 4 Deacon John Larkin, 73.

In Portland, Mr. Thomas Hopkins, j attorney at law; Mr. Josiah Tucke Mrs. Hannah Waite; in Gorham, C Wm. Tyng.

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